

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 230.—VOL. V.

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1888.

PRICE 1½d.

THE GOLF CRAZE.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD HAND.

'If you have a moderate appetite for sand, take your *tee* if you like, but not the tiniest slice of anything with it, remember,' said the soft humorous voice beside me, as I addressed the ball for the first time in the season, with more apparent dexterity, I confess, than inward confidence. It was my second year at golf. I had got over the initial difficulty, it is true; I 'missed the globe' no longer!—Ah, good old friend of those days!—Is it truth, indeed, that Tennyson sings of the yew's fibres netting 'the dreamless head?' Have you no flashes of remembrance of faultless approach or miraculous niblick-shot? For you, too, are under the earth—like the ball you used to send straight home all the way off that marvellous putter of yours—and, alas, for a longer period.

He was one of those men whose eyes have an edge, so to say. They kindled with interest while you spoke, and took in the situation perfectly before you had fully described it. His face was healthily russet, and even in extreme age he looked strong and straight. My intimacy with him dated only from the previous year. He had long worked hard as a medical man in a populous district in the south of England, and his means were considerable in consequence. As the years advanced, however, he longed for that strong sea-air of the northern portion of our island, which seems to pull a man together in a manner which no artificial pick-me-up, persevered in to the utmost, may pretend to do—outside its advertisements, at all events. Talk on the subject succeeded talk, for a year or two, and nothing meantime came of it; till, on his sixtieth birthday, he told his married son and his unmarried daughter—he had been a widower for ten years—he had finally disposed of his business; that his shrewd investing had largely augmented his savings, and that the coming spring would, please God, see him in some snug retreat in the town of his boyhood, his love and early manhood.

A snug enough place, too, it came to be. One had to enter a wood to reach his house, which stood on the bald crown of an eminence. The strong scent of the sea surrounded and permeated the place. A level lawn in front, with its blackbirds running quickly over it, was a picture of peace. The sea could not be seen at all from the ground flat; but when you had climbed the wide staircase—none of your giddy spirals, but a strong old-fashioned square stair with substantial landings—and had passed into the airy drawing-room, what a view broke upon you! Through the clear air you could view the sea, a couple of miles off, as though it were just at hand, creeping up upon the yellow breast of the shore, where it was delicately fingering a frill of snow—its daily gift. The links lay between you and the sea; and between the links and the sea were sandy knolls, where the blue-green grass grew six—here and there eight—feet high. There lay the dimpled little bit of ground, with its hillocks, its mimic forests of furze, its yawning bunkers, and its mazy burn, where thousands had played the game of all games the most like our larger life, with earnestness, and yet brotherly kindness. Dear sport that it is—made up of continuous striking, without cruelty!

Here, then, lived Dr —, who could never be identified with those loungers who work at nothing and play at everything, for he was diligent and regular in all the details of his life—however dearly he may have loved his round at golf. Early morning found him outside, and off along the upland road on foot or on horseback, to return with appetite to his letters and breakfast. I wish I could paint his own room for you—his 'den,' as he called it; but that is beyond my scope, in this connection at anyrate. I may at least tell you that there lay on the broad serviceable oak table the current number of the *Athenæum*—more frequently in his hands than the *Field*—and a good modern book or two; but in truth, a richly carved old bookcase contained his chief treasures in the shape of well-chosen and well-thumbed classics of the olden time, and, generally speaking, of the

graver sort. Emerson, however, was the Doctor's especial favourite, modern though he be; and while the sweet-tempered Concord mystic never mentions many of the subjects of which my friend loved to speak, I take it that the extraordinary ability the latter displayed in aphoristic utterance had been unconsciously developed by familiarity with the style of the great American. As regards the matter of his discourse, it always appeared to me to be strictly his own.

It is not my intention to speak of his manner of talk in general, although I have often felt sorry that his conversations on higher matters were not caught back out of the invisibility of the air, and fixed in a darker fluid by some accurate reporter. Others have shared this regret with me. Alas! Johnson has his Boswell, Goethe his Eckermann, Coleridge his own kinsman, and Rabbi Duncan his Knight; but this man's talk enriched the atmosphere only, in ways we may not trace; he shot many arrows into the air, but they are not to be found unless we search in the hearts of a few of his friends. But now comes a curious admission. Let him not shrivel down into a lesser man because of it! If you are a golfer, you will not. Nothing in the world would he allow to come between him and his round of the links. One round a day, but one round always, excepting on Sundays. Never was day dark or stormy enough to keep him back; and if he had been favoured, as Mr John Blackwood was, with a letter from George Eliot, in which occurred words like, 'You cannot play golf in the rain,' he would have startled that know-all lady with several aphorisms which would have done no shame, in sense or in construction, to *Romola* itself. He was humane enough, withal, to give his caddie an oilskin suit: he himself wore nothing above his thick tweeds, and never allowed for a moment that he had been one whit the worse in his life for any ducking he had received. He played as near perfection as an elderly amateur may well be expected to do. He had that easy unconscious swing begotten only in youth. The analysis of the subject had never troubled him; he played as children play, and yet he was no 'idiot' ('The ideal golfer is an idiot.'—*Saturday Review*, July 2, 1887), dear old fellow that he was. Wherever you might place him in the wide world, you might depend upon his giving a good account of himself.

He had lived for five years in his seaside home when I was introduced to him. His low-set sweet voice often haunts me; and whenever I find myself on short green grass, with fragrant thymy knolls around me, there I see the authentic background for a loved figure which comes no more.—But let us go on with the round. He had taken in hand to teach a man of great willingness but small ability, and this was the first lesson of the second year. He never played more than his daily round, as has been said. With a fine fortitude, he abstained from even taking his occasional cleek shot alongside my erratic game, contenting himself with giving advice in that wonderfully neat short way of his. His counsel, I hope, has been worked long since into flesh and blood movement—Grip, swing, loft, and putt; but many of his odd little effortless speeches stick well to me in the shape of words, and these I wish to give some idea of. The regular golfing jokes that have

served successive generations, are they not written in the books of Clark, Simpson, and others? It was not these that this man retailed. They multiplied according to the varying exigences of the game, and I never heard him repeat himself. It is said that the occasion makes the man; surely, then, it may well be credited with the minor creative power of making the joke. It did that at anyrate, say what you will. His humour was sometimes so delicate as to defy repetition in any but the precise words which had been used. The story somehow would not tell at times, if the exact inflection of the voice failed in the reproduction. As it is, I can but give the broader fragments of his talk. If I had not heard such multitudes of smart sentences from these lips, I should have considered them carefully coined specially for use beforehand; but to know your man, put such a conclusion at once out of sight.

The ball stood on its tee bright and shining one mid-day in May. The first hole is a short one. Others regarded it, indeed, as a good cleek shot—no more; why shouldn't I? The cleek fell furiously on the ball (a bad one, no doubt, although duly charged for), and, whatever the exact cause may have been, the gutta(?) leapt forward in two parts—neither of which lay dead, it is needless to say. 'Ah,' my adviser said instantly, 'golf is a game of which it may be said that opening the ball ought not to be synonymous with beginning play.'

Here and there pleasing him with my work—for he was generous in criticism ('Never let your spirits run down,' he would say, 'or your score will run up—they are always at seesaw with each other')—I would sometimes drive wildly, and would just catch the murmur of his voice as he said, as it were to himself, 'It is quite undeniable that golf-playing is an art, but *drawing* is altogether out of place there;' or, 'It is as poor an indication of a man's play as of the state of his boots that he goes in for toeing and heeling.'

'Don't you think, Doctor, that, like the poet, the golfer is born—not made?' I asked once, after consecutive fooling?—'Well, probably so—to some extent. I myself venture to believe that when you find the veritable accoucheur, he will tell you plainly that exactly as many men are born with a short spoon as a silver spoon in their mouths.'

I remember him saying to an unduly loquacious caddie, while he tapped with the handle of his driver the spot he wished to tee on, 'Young man, do your duty just *there*; and remember I regard you principally as a *tee-caddie* on two legs instead of four; but you will also hold my clubs and—your tongue!'

I had, and have still, a decided opinion on the subject of putting, and it is this: that you had better be well up in your play; that is to say, if your ball runs straight, it has the chance of getting home—travelling on the fast side though it be—which, if you play short, is altogether impossible. Carrying out this idea now and then rather energetically resulted in an occasional *gobble*, which at once called forth the remark, 'Do not attempt too much of a gobble!—Let your moderation be known to all men, whatever *course* you are at, whether it be — or Macrihanish.'

Anon, luck would give a ball that went sweetly off the bone and looked infinitely well in mid-air,

a bad lie. Ere we came up to it, the Doctor would praise the shot, but, on sighting the ball, he would quietly remark, 'Ah, there you are! No ball has yet been invented which may be said to be too good for *hanging*—if the ground lies that way.'

What can a man, who is not mighty on the links, do with a bad hanging ball? Foozle, of course, and lose his temper too, which would call forth: 'Good for you, you have no opponent to-day; but you need not be your own, for all that. It is no paradox to say that you indicate that you are *green* if you look *blue* over a single bad shot; and even if you will allow your nose to divide the colours, they never look well together.'

Laughingly, I would say: 'It is a moral training of no mean order, this same game of golf—is it not?'

A humorous twinkle flashed across his eyes as he said: 'Certainly; and yet there are odd contradictions in it. Good temper is essential. There is a deal that is *straight* about the game—club handles, driving, putting, &c. On the other hand, knowing that honesty is the best policy, a long driver, nevertheless, will never choose an *upright* club; and you know how we all like to *steal*, when we can. Indeed, it is not only morality that is in danger, but the whole intricate system of values. For instance, if you know how to play your approaches, it is good golf patois to say that your iron is as good as gold to you—execrable nonsense in the eyes of one at least of the two men who have equal quantities of one or other of the metals to dispose of. Again, we believe in correction. Every club is the better, we all say, of a good sound *whipping*; and yet, like a very demon, we constantly exhort our partner to give us a *good lie*.'

This last sally put me in mind of a conundrum I had heard at the club-house the previous forenoon, and as I have never seen it in print, I repeat it for the benefit of the reader, as I did for the hearer. 'Why was Ananias like a good golfer?'—'Because he lay stone dead after a bad *lie*.'—'That is good,' the Doctor said—'and bad!'

I remember on one occasion we had made up to a passionate young man who was playing a 'single' with a phlegmatic old gentleman who was known to the Doctor. The elderly golfer stood *dormy* at seven up with seven to play. Having holed out, the winner intimated the fact like a sphinx; whereupon the little fellow with the passion, the gaiters, and the red coat, broke into a volley of oaths. Dr — said in a firm and earnest tone: 'Your *bye*, sir, will begin after the next hole is lost by you; save up your strength, I advise you. There is no need of interlacing your play with *by* —, *by* — all the way. Besides, swearing doesn't help you a bit.'

I had been playing a little wildly at one hole, and had overshot the green a good way. To my own amazement, as will sometimes happen, my next shot lay—not dead, but home! 'Bravo!' cried my companion. My elation, however, was suddenly cooled by his calmly observing: 'If you do go *floundering* into the rough, and then send your ball home, off a fifty yards' iron shot, you needn't be surprised if your opponent hails your triumph as a *flake*.'

His readiness was extraordinary. Sometimes, indeed, he would speak at some length, rolling the words out slowly, as though he were reciting Milton. Again—although he never spoke swiftly—he would confine himself to a single short sentence, the inflection being always laden with point. My ball lay cupped, for instance, on one occasion, and I remember he instantly said: 'The *cup* is not a *loving-cup* in golf, and your *spoon* is simply nowhere in such a case.'

I recall, too, a neat remark which was made when my kind old friend was instructing me during the first year of my practice. I had topped a teed shot, when those words, gravely uttered, and catching nothing, as it were, from the twinkle in his eye, fell upon my ears: 'In *addressing* the ball be careful not to give it a *top-dressing*; leave that for your lawn.' At another time my play would merit the remark: 'Do not begin to *screw* before luncheon-time, and neither then nor at any other time let the past tense of the verb be applicable to you.' He was not a teetotaler; but he had, I think, a more bitter contempt for hard drinkers than for any other set of men. I remember once when the green was pretty full, and a handicap medal was being played for, that, at the close of the first round, he cautioned a young fellow who was slightly known to him in terms something like these: 'If you require a handicap of a *half-one* you will not find it to your advantage to drink to its health and prosperity in its *namesake* every few holes. You will drink rather to its confusion, sir!'

The best of players for the most part unconsciously *press* now and then. I never saw Dr —, however, other than most deliberate in his own game. It was nothing extraordinary that I should, in these days at least, put more effort than was wise into my swing; none the less there came to me these words: 'Keep *game* in your *press* for luncheon, if you like, but don't for any sake *press* in your game; keep everything in its place!'

When he went with me to choose my clubs, he looked on smilingly as I swung them to and fro. I saw his thought in his eyes before he had given it to his lips: 'One feels himself such a rare hand in the shop—does he not?' And then, as I, like a beginner, made a short leet of the supplest of the drivers, he said more coldly, as though his thought deepened towards the close of the sentence, light as the words seemed: 'Don't take these just yet; if your club has too much *spring* in it, you will find "the *winter*" of your "discontent"—when it snaps!'

It has been my intention only to speak of this fond old enthusiast in connection with the royal and ancient game. At home there was the same facility in his play upon words; even in our more serious conversations, which were punctuated by sips from the social (but single) tumbler, or whiffs from the soothing weed, the inveterate habit betrayed itself of re-stating things—that is, placing his words in one order and then in another, with sometimes startling ingenuity. It was an exercise, indeed, that was never engaged in to no purpose; never so that the changes ministered to mere *non-sense*; they always brought an added sense, rather, and in-

terest. It is not too much to say that as a rule they fulfilled Hood's exacting conditions, short of which the common pun becomes a contemptible creature, which ought to find itself in the ranks of that large visible and invisible assembly, 'the unemployed.'

There's a double chuck at a double chin,
And, of course, there's a double pleasure therein,

If the parties were brought to telling:

And however our Dennises take offence,

A double meaning shows double sense;

And if proverbs tell truth,

A double tooth

Is Wisdom's adopted dwelling!

In fact, the habit was a craze with Dr —, as was his daily round of the green. Time had not staled his infinite variety in word-play. My memory, however, has run down. He was at least himself; and his odd little speeches, whether on the links or indoors, had certainly never entered the atmosphere through other lips. He never thought anything he said was worth deliberately putting down—although in very early youth it is true he published a pamphlet on *Anæsthesia*—and it may be you, my reader, agree with him in this. Ah, well! as I recall the tones, the gestures, and think of the kind soul himself as I knew him, the conclusion comes to me that these remembrances must be to the writer very different from what they appear to you. The bloom of the personality is upon them all, in my vision, and they hang free and full. To you—and I blame you not—they are dry, it may be, and stiff in arrangement—redolent of the box they are packed in, rather than the honeyed sunshine in which they swung to and fro—and so, 'Here endeth the second lesson.'

The lettering on his simple epitaph is losing its sharpness. He died in extreme old age. Day by day, when reaching the big links was beyond his power, he played a short game with his putter over a small green behind his house; and I am told—for I was then at a distance, and had seen my last of him, indeed—when he could no longer go out of doors at all, that the noble game of billiards was discarded and dethroned, and that his green table was fondled by the old man's fancy into a mimic golf-course, which by-and-by in its turn became too tedious for him. Now he lies at rest, and the primroses and violets bloom as of old, but, alas! not for him.

THIS MORTAL COIL.

CHAPTER XXIII.—UNDER THE PALM-TREES.

A LONE governess, even though she be a Girton girl, vanishes readily into space from the stage of society. It's wonderful how very little she's missed. She comes and goes and disappears into vacancy, almost as the cook and the housemaid do in our modern domestic phantasmagoria; and after a few months, everybody ceases even to inquire what has become of her. Our round horizon knows her no more. If ever at rare intervals she happens to flit for a moment across our zenith again, it is but as a *revenant* from some distant sphere. She has played her part in life, so far as we are concerned, when she has 'finished

the education' of our growing girls, as we cheerfully phrase it—what a happy idea that anybody's education could ever be finished!—and we let her drop out altogether from our scheme of things accordingly, or feel her, when she invades our orbit once more, as inconvenient as all other *revenants* proverbially find themselves. Hence, it was no great wonder indeed that Elsie Challoner should subside quietly into the peaceful routine of her new existence at the Villa Rossa at San Remo, with 'no questions asked,' as the advertisements frankly and ingenuously word it. She had a few girl-friends in England—old Girton companions—who tracked her still on her path through the cosmos, and to these she wrote unreservedly as to her present whereabouts. She didn't enter into details, of course, about the particular way she came to leave her last temporary home at the Meyseys' at Whitestrand: no one is bound to speak out everything; but she said in plain and simple language she had accepted a new and she hoped more permanent engagement on the Riviera. That was all. She concealed nothing and added nothing. Her mild deception was purely negative. She had no wish to hide the fact of her being alive from anybody on earth but Hugh and Winifred; and even from them she desired to hide it by passive rather than by active concealment.

But it is an error of youth to underestimate in the long-run the interosculation of society in our modern Babylon. You may lurk and languish and lie obscure for a while; but you do not permanently evade anybody: you may suffer eclipse, but you cannot be extinguished. While we are young and foolish, we often think to ourselves, on some change in our environment, that Jones or Brown has now dropped entirely out of our private little universe—that we may safely count upon never again happening upon him or hearing of him anyhow or anywhere. We tell Smith something we know or suspect about Miss Robinson, under the profound but, alas, too innocent conviction that they two revolve in totally different planes of life, and can never conceivably collide against one another. We leave Mauritius or Eagle City, Nebraska, and imagine we are quit for good and all of the insignificant Mauritians or the free-born, free-mannered, and free-spoken citizens of that far western mining camp. Error, error, sheer juvenile error! As comets come back in time from the abysses of space, so everybody always turns up everywhere. Jones and Brown run up against us incontinently on the King's Road at Brighton; or occupy the next table to our own at Delmonico's; or clap us on the shoulder as we sit with a blanket wrapped round our shivering forms, intent upon the too wintry sunrise on the summit of the Rigi. Miss Robinson's plane bisects Smith's horizon at right angles in a *dahabeejah* on the Upper Nile, or discovers our treachery at an hotel at Orotava in the Canary Islands. Our Mauritian sugar-planter calls us over the coals for our pernicious views on differential duties and the French bounty system among the stormy channels of the Outer Hebrides; and Colonel Bill Manningham, of the *Eagle City National Banner*, intrudes upon the quiet of our suburban villa at remote Surbiton to inquire, with Western American picturesqueness and exuberance of vocabulary, what the Hades we meant by

our casual description of Nebraskan society as a den of thieves, in the last number of the *St Petersburg Monitor*? O no; in the pre-Columbian days of Boadicea, and Romulus and Remus, and the Twenty-first Dynasty, it might perhaps have been possible to mention a fact at Nineveh or Peking with tolerable security against its being repeated forthwith in the palaces of Mexico or the huts of Honolulu; but in our existing world of railways and telegraphs and penny postage, and the great ubiquitous special correspondent, when Morse and Wheatstone have wreaked their worst, and whosoever enters Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate sees a red-lettered notice-board staring him in the face, 'This way to Cook's Excursion Office'—the attempt to conceal or hush up anything has become simply and purely a ridiculous fallacy. When we go to Timbuctoo, we expect to meet with some of our wife's relations in confidential quarters; and we are not surprised when the aged chief who entertains us in Parisian full dress at an eight o'clock dinner in the Fiji Islands relates to us some pleasing Oxford anecdotes of the missionary bishop whom in unregenerate days he assisted to eat, and under whom we ourselves read Aristotle and Tacitus as undergraduates at dear sleepy old Oriel. More than ever nowadays is the proverb true, 'Quod tacitum velis nemini dixeris.'

It was ordained, therefore, in the nature of things, that sooner or later Hugh Massinger must find out Elsie Challoner was really living. No star shoots ever beyond the limits of our galaxy. But the discovery might be postponed for an indefinite period; and besides, so far as Elsie herself was concerned, her only wish was to keep the fact secret from Hugh in person, not from the rest of the world at large; for she knew everybody else in her little sphere believed her merely to have left the Meyseys' in a most particular and unexplained hurry. Now, Hugh for his part, even if any vague rumour of her having been sighted here or there in some distant nook of the Riviera by So-and-so or What's-his-name might happen at any time to reach his ear, would certainly set it down in his own heart as one more proof of the signal success of his own clever and cunningly designed deception. As a matter of fact, more than one person did accidentally, in the course of conversation, during the next few years mention to Hugh that somebody had said Miss Challoner had been seen at Marseilles or Cannes or Genoa or somewhere; and Hugh in every case did really look upon it only as another instance of Warren Relf's blind acceptance of his bland little fictions. The more people thought Elsie was alive, the more did Hugh Massinger in his own heart pride himself inwardly on the cleverness and far-sightedness of the plot he had laid and carried out that awful evening at the *Fisher-man's Rest* at Whitestrand in Suffolk.

Thus it happened that Elsie was not far wrong, for the present at least, in her calculation of chances as to Hugh and Winifred.

The very day Elsie reached San Remo, news of Mr Meysey's death came to her in the papers. It was a sudden shock, and the temptation to write to Winifred then was very strong; but Elsie resisted it. She had to resist it—to crush down her sympathy for sympathy's sake. She couldn't bear to break poor Winifred's heart

at such a moment by letting her know to the full all Hugh's baseness. It was hard indeed that Winifred should think her unfeeling, should call her ungrateful, should suppose her forgetful; but she bore even that—for Winifred's sake—without murmuring. Some day, perhaps, Winifred would know; but she hoped not. For Winifred's sake, she hoped Winifred would never find out what manner of man she proposed to marry.

And for Hugh's too. For with feminine consistency and steadfastness of feeling, Elsie even now could not learn to hate him. Nay, rather, though she recognised how vile and despicable a thing he was, how poor in spirit, how unworthy of her love, she loved him still—she could not help loving him. For Hugh's sake, she wished it all kept secret for ever from Winifred, even though she herself must be the victim and the scapegoat. Winifred would think harshly of her in any case: why let her think harshly of Hugh also?

And so, in the little Villa Rossa at San Remo, among that calm reposeful scenery of olive groves and lemon orchards, Elsie's poor wounded heart began gradually to firm over a little with external healing. She had the blessed deadening influence of daily routine to keep her from brooding: those six pleasant, delicate, sensitive, sympathetic consumptive girls to teach and look after and walk out with perpetually. They were bright young girls, as often happens with their type; extremely like Winifred herself in manner—loo like, Elsie sometimes thought in her own heart with a sigh of presentiment. And Elsie's heart was still young, too. They clambered together, like girls as they were, among the steep hills that stretch behind the town; they explored that pretty coquettish country; they wandered along the beautiful olive-clad shore; they made delightful excursions to the quaint old villages on the mountain sides—Taggia and Ceriana and San Romolo and Perinaldo—mouldering gray houses perched upon pinnacles of mouldering gray rock, and pierced by arcades of Moorish gloom and mediæval solemnity. All alike helped Elsie to beat down the memory of her grief, or to hold it at bay in her poor tortured bosom. That she would ever be happy again was more than in her most sanguine moments she dared to expect; but she was not without hope that she might in time grow at least insensible.

One morning in December, at the Villa Rossa, about the hour for early breakfast, Elsie heard a light knock at her door. It was not the cook with the *café-au-lait* and roll and tiny pat of butter on the neat small tray for the first breakfast: Elsie knew that much by the lightness of the knock. 'Come in,' she said; and the door opened and Edie entered. She held a letter in her right hand, and a very grave look sat upon her usually merry face. 'Somebody dead?' Elsie thought with a start. But no; the letter was not black-bordered. Edie opened it and drew from it slowly a small piece of paper, an advertisement from the *Times*. Then Elsie's breath came and went hard. She knew now what the letter portended. Not a death: not a death—but a marriage!

'Give it me, dear,' she cried aloud to Edie. 'Let me see it at once. I can bear it—I can bear it.'

Eddie handed the cutting to her, with a kiss on her forehead, and sat with her arm round Elsie's waist as the poor dazed girl, half erect in the bed, sat up and read that final seal of Hugh's cruel betrayal: 'On Dec. 17th, at Whitestrand parish Church, Suffolk, by the Rev. Percy W. Bickersteth, M.A., cousin of the bride, assisted by the Rev. J. Walpole, vicar, HUGH EDWARD DE CARTERET MASSINGER, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law, to WINIFRED MARY, only daughter of the late Thomas Wyville Meysey of Whitestrand Hall, J.P.'

Elsie gazed at the cutting long and sadly; then she murmured at last in a pained voice: 'And he thought I was dead! He thought he had killed me!'

Eddie's fiery indignation could restrain itself no longer. 'He's a wicked man,' she cried: 'a wicked, bad, horrible creature; and I don't care what you say, Elsie; I hope he'll be punished as he well deserves for his cruelty and wickedness to you, darling.'

'I hope not—I pray not,' Elsie answered solemnly. And as she said it, she meant it. She prayed for it profoundly.

After a while, she set down the paper on the table by her bedside, and laying her head on Eddie's shoulder, burst into tears—a torrent of relief for her burdened feelings. Eddie soothed her and wept with her, tenderly. For half an hour Elsie cried in silence; then she rose at last, dried her eyes, burnt the little slip of paper from the *Times* resolutely, and said to Eddie: 'Now it's all over.'

'All over?' Eddie echoed in an inquiring voice.

'Yes, darling, all over,' Elsie answered very firmly. 'I shall never, never cry any more at all about him. He's Winifred's now, and I hope he'll be good to her.—But, oh, Eddie, I *did* once love him so!'

And the winter wore away slowly at San Remo. Elsie had crushed down her love firmly in her heart now—crushed it down and stifled it to some real purpose. She knew Hugh for just what he was: she recognised his coldness, his cruelty, his little care for her; and she saw no sign—as how should she see it?—of the deadly remorse that gnawed from time to time at his tortured bosom. The winter wore away, and Elsie was glad of it. Time was making her regret less poignant.

Early in February, Eddie came up to her room one afternoon, when the six consumptive pupils were at work in the schoolroom below with the old Italian music-master, under Mrs. Relf's direction, and seating herself, girl-fashion, on the bed, began to talk about her brother Warren.

Eddie seldom talked of Warren to Elsie: she had even ostentatiously avoided the subject hitherto, for reasons of her own which will be instantly obvious to the meanest intelligence. But now, by a sort of accident of design, she mentioned casually something about how he had always taken them, most years, for so many nice trips in his yawl to the lovely places on the coast about Bordighera and Mentone, and even Monte Carlo.

'Then he sometimes comes to the Riviera with you, does he?' Elsie asked listlessly. She loved Eddie and dear old Mrs. Relf, and she was grateful to Warren for his chivalrous kindness; but she could hardly pretend to feel profoundly interested

in him. There had never been more than one man in the world for her, and that man was now Winifred's husband.

'He always comes,' Eddie answered, with a significant stress on the word *always*. 'Indeed, this is the very first year he's ever missed coming since we first wintered here. He likes to be near us while we're on the coast. It gives him a chance of varying his subjects. He says himself, he's always inclined to judge of genius by its power of breaking out in a fresh place—not always repeating its own successes. In summer he sketches round the mouth of the Thames and the North Sea, but in winter he always alters the venue to the Mediterranean. Variety's good for a painter, he thinks: though, to be sure, that doesn't really matter very much to *him*, because nobody ever by any chance buys his pictures.'

'Can't he sell them, then?' Elsie asked more curiously.

'My dear, Warren's a born artist, not a picture-dealer; therefore, of course, he never sells anything. If he were a mere dauber, now, there might be some chance for him. Being a real painter, he paints, naturally enough, but he makes no money.'

'But the real painter always succeeds in the end, doesn't he?'

'In the end, yes; I don't doubt that: within a century or two. But what's the good of succeeding, pray, a hundred years after you're dead and buried? The bankers won't discount a posthumous celebrity for you. I should like to succeed while I was alive to enjoy it. I'd rather have a modest competence in the nineteenth century than the principal niche in the Temple of Fame in the middle of the twentieth. Besides, Warren doesn't want to succeed at all, dear boy—at least, not much. I wish to goodness he did. He only wants to paint really great pictures.'

'That's the same thing isn't it?—or very nearly.'

'Not a bit of it. Quite the contrary in some cases. Warren's one of them. He'll never succeed while he lives, poor child, unless his amiable sister succeeds in making him. And that's just what I mean to do in time, too, dear.—I mean to make Warren earn enough to keep himself—and a wife and family.'

Elsie looked down at the carpet uneasily. It wanted darning. 'Why didn't he come this winter as usual?' she asked in haste, to turn the current of the conversation.

'Why? Well, why? What a question to ask!—Just because *you* were here, Elsie.'

Elsie examined the holes in the Persian pattern on the floor by her side with minuter care and precision than ever. 'That was very kind of him,' she said after a pause, defining one of them with the point of her shoe accurately.

'Too kind,' Eddie echoed—'too kind, and too sensitive.'

'I think not,' Elsie murmured low. She was blushing visibly, and the carpet was engrossing all her attention.

'And I think *yes*,' Eddie answered in a decisive tone. 'And when I think yes, other people ought as a matter of course to agree with me. There's such a thing as being too generous, too delicate, too considerate, too thoughtful for others. You've no right to swamp your own individuality. And

I say, Warren ought to have brought the yawl round to San Remo long ago, to give us all a little diversion, and not gone skulking like a pickpocket about Nice and Golfe Juan, and Toulon and St Tropez, for a couple of months together at a stretch, without so much as ever even running over here to see his own mother and sister in their winter-quarters. It's not respectful to his own relations.'

Elsie started. 'Do you mean to say,' she cried, 'he's been as near as Nice without coming to see you?'

Eddie nodded. 'Ever since Christmas.'

'No! Not really?'

'Yes, my child. Really, or I wouldn't say so. It's a practice of mine to tell the truth and shame a certain individual. Warren couldn't stop away from us any longer; so he took the yawl round by Gibraltar after—after the 17th of December, you know.'—Elsie smiled sadly.—'And he's been knocking about along the coast round here ever since, afraid to come on—for fear of hurting your feelings, Elsie.'

Elsie rose and clasped her hands tight. 'It was very kind of him,' she said. 'He's a dear good fellow.—I think I could bear to meet him now. And in any case, I think he ought at least to come over and see you and your mother. It would be very selfish of me, very wrong of me to keep you all out of so much pleasure.—Ask him to come, Edie.—Tell him—it would not hurt me very much to see him.'

Eddie's eyes flashed mischievous fire. 'That's a pretty sort of message to send any one,' she cried, with some slight amusement. 'We usually put it in a politer form. May I vary it a little and tell him, Elsie, it will give you great pleasure to see him?'

'If you like,' Elsie answered, quite simply and candidly. He was a nice fellow, and he was Edie's brother. She must grow accustomed to meeting him somehow. No man was anything at all to her now.—And perhaps by this time he had quite forgotten his foolish fancy.

The celebrated centreboard yawl *Mud-Turtle*, of the port of London, Relf, master, seventeen tons registered burden, was at that moment lying up snugly by a wooden pier in the quaint little French harbour of St Tropez, just beyond the blue peaks of the frontier mountains. When Potts next morning early brought a letter on board, addressed to the skipper, with an Italian stamp duly stuck in the corner, Warren Relf opened it hastily with doubtful expectations. Its contents made his honest brown cheek burn bright red. 'My dear old Warren,' the communication ran shortly, 'you may bring the yawl round here to San Remo as soon as you like. She says you may come; and what's more, She authorises me to inform you in the politest terms that it will give her very great pleasure indeed to see you. So you can easily imagine the pride and delight with which I am ever, Your affectionate and successful sister,

EDIE.'

'Edie's a brick!' Warren said to himself with a bound of his heart; 'and it's really awfully kind of—Elsie.'

Before ten o'clock that same morning, the celebrated centreboard yawl *Mud-Turtle*, manned by her owner and his constant companion, was under

way with a favouring wind, and scudding like a seabird, with all canvas on, round the spit of Bordighera, on her voyage to the tiny harbour of San Remo.

(To be continued.)

TWO CITIES OF THE FAR WEST.

VANCOUVER AND VICTORIA.

THE great railway that now spans the broad expanse of Canada from ocean to ocean has opened to us large tracts of hitherto little-known country on the Pacific seaboard. Until lately, British Columbia and the North-west territories beyond Winnipeg suggested to our thoughts a remote and mysterious land, a Great Unknown, a British Siberia, visited but by a few bold adventurers. The new railway has changed this state of affairs. The inquiring tourist may now take his ticket at Montreal, skim across the prairies and over the Rocky Mountains in the cushioned comfort of a Pullman car, and in a few days emerge untroubled on the western coast-line, and tranquilly gaze on the blue water of the Pacific Ocean.

The prospects of a terminal port in this new country naturally appear brilliant. To collect the rich merchandise of the Orient, the various products of the Pacific coast and islands, and the developing commerce of Western Canada, and to pour them, so to speak, through the funnel of such a port into Eastern markets by the great railway—such a destiny gives rise to dreams of a future mighty metropolis, a Liverpool of the Pacific, a commercial Eldorado of the West.

Two cities—all embryo towns in those parts are 'cities'—are now bitterly contending for this honour: Vancouver, on the mainland, at the terminus of the railway; and Victoria, the present capital of British Columbia, on Vancouver Island, opposite. And which will gain the victory in the struggle eventually, it is at present hard to say. Each brings forward excellent arguments in its own favour, and scornfully reviles the pretensions of its rival. To the unbiased observer, Vancouver has undoubtedly strong reasons in its favour. It stands on a magnificent site, worthy of a great city, lying between two splendid harbours. The inner one is entirely land-locked, approached by a narrow but quite sufficient entrance, and protected by hills all round. It runs, a broad inlet of the sea, up to Port Moody, some ten miles above Vancouver on the railway line. The anchorage, now called Coal Harbour, is good and capacious, and close to the terminus of the railway. The town stands on a gently rising hill, and, outside, is washed by the waters of English Bay, which offers an anchorage to vessels of all sizes. A branch-line brings this harbour also into connection with the railway. A narrow sheet of water, shallow and suitable only for boats, runs from this bay into the heart of the future town.

At present, Vancouver is very young, and presents the appearance accordingly of a very young town. The surface of the hill which is to be its site is cleared from the dense pine forest that covered it, and is black with the charred remains of tree-stumps. New buildings, chiefly of wood, are rapidly growing up here and there; and down

by the water's edge of the inner harbour a very respectable nucleus of the future 'great city' is already formed. The streets, ambitiously broad and imposing, are marked out, and in parts already well made, wooden side-walks skirting their edges. In American style, they cut each other at right angles at regular intervals, forming squares, whereon 'blocks' are to rise. The houses have so far naturally failed to keep pace with these ambitious proceedings, and rise in scattered irregularity, sometimes in sociable groups, sometimes in rather ludicrous solitude—desolate occupants of otherwise empty blocks. Amid these spick-and-span erections, rears up an occasional tree-stump, huge and melancholy, an aged parent of the forest mourning his children, whom he fails to recognise in their new guise, as, neatly sliced up into planks by the sawmill near, they rise around the charred patriarch in the shape of 'desirable residences,' brilliant with paint and the ornate decorations of the modern architect's evolution. Some of these tree-stumps are enormous: twenty or thirty feet in girth.

At present, Vancouver contains few places of either business or recreation. Two varieties of commerce, however, exist in profusion: gin-palaces or 'saloons,' and 'real estate agencies.' How the former manage to flourish in such abundance it is not easy to say, for there must be at least one to every hundred of the population; and allowing for women, children, and teetotalers—the last, it is to be feared, rare—the number of customers to each must be small. The 'real estate agencies' offer land for sale in lots, and, bearing in mind the great future predicted for the town, it is hardly necessary to say that their prices are extravagantly high. Like the saloons, it is hard to surmise who are the victims of their blandishments. Possibly they maintain a business between themselves, and thus mutually support each other. No doubt, however, good bargains have been made in land by astute men of business buying in good time and 'holding on,' for the price of land has risen enormously. It is now so high as to be beyond a joke, and threatens temporary commercial paralysis. It must come down again, to allow settlers to commence business; and, the city once established, it will then naturally rise again. Large portions of Vancouver belong to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, who are accused of favouring that city with a view to getting rid of their land advantageously.

In four or five hours a steamer from Vancouver reaches Victoria, the chief port of Vancouver Island. The trip across in fine weather is an interesting one. The passage is threaded through a number of very beautiful islands, rocky and wooded, that stud the calm waters of the straits; and beyond them, on the mainland, snow-clad mountains rise above the fir forests in distant magnificence. Arrived off Victoria, a comparison of that harbour with Vancouver is certainly unfavourable to the former. It is small and shallow, allowing only vessels of light draught to enter, although there is an outer anchorage and wharf suited to the requirements of larger steamers. The Victorians, however, intend dredging and improving their harbour, which will increase their chances of future success. Victoria itself is a city of already established importance,

and is the seat of the provincial government. It has a population of about fifteen thousand, including some four thousand Chinese, and covers two or three square miles, if the straggling suburbs be taken into account. The streets, arranged in the usual manner of parallels enclosing blocks, are not particularly fine in appearance. There are few buildings of notable architectural beauty, the majority of the houses being of wood, and not more than one story in height. There are plenty of good shops, however; telephones spread their web of wires, and the electric light illumines the town by night. There are good hotels, to one of which is attached the Victoria Theatre, a pretty and well-appointed little house, frequently visited by good travelling companies from the States. Several daily newspapers are published, which are enterprising enough in the supply of news, but essentially American in style, and lacking in dignity of tone.

Society in Victoria is neither English, Canadian, nor American, but perhaps a mixture, or rather stratification, of the three. The 'upper circles' are decidedly English in character, a quality that they are proud to maintain. A large number of these, the more prominent citizens, have their houses in 'James Bay,' a paradoxical term of geography applied generally to a promontory lying between the harbour and the outer coastline. Here are a number of handsome houses, standing in gardens, which are in summer brilliant with flowers. Here also is Beacon Hill, a park-like piece of land, forming a favourite summer resort. Looking seaward from this hill, the view on a clear day is magnificent, the snow-capped Olympian range rising into the clouds, on the American coast, in stately splendour.

The middle and lower classes of society are more Canadian and American in character. Indeed, those here termed the 'lower' classes would probably resent that title, for they are distinguished by a great independence of manner, assuming 'one man to be as good as another.' In the shops, the obsequious politeness of the English tradesman is unknown; buyer and seller treat as equals, with offhand matter-of-fact dryness. The street loafer is hail-fellow-well-met with men of all degrees who may chance to address him. This independence extends to the boys in the streets; a request to one of these young gentlemen to hold a horse or carry a bag with a view to ultimate payment would probably be rejected with scorn, though as a gratuitous favour it might be done.

American colloquialisms are common: a house is not 'in,' but 'on,' a street; shops are called 'stores' (a chemist's being a 'drug-store,' a haberdasher's a 'dry-goods store'); sweetmeats are 'candies'; biscuits, 'crackers'; and perambulators (shade of Johnson!), 'push-buggies.'

In business matters, Victoria seems curiously apathetic and lacking in enterprise; unlike many modern Western cities, so remarkable for their energy and rapidity of growth. But the competition with Vancouver has lately awakened Victorians to the importance of maintaining their commercial interests, and less lethargy is likely to be now displayed. The apathy in commercial affairs extends in some degree to political and religious matters, neither of which is in the wholesome and harmonious condition necessary to social prosperity.

The hopes of Victoria are largely founded on the fine harbour of Esquimalt, four miles distant, now the headquarters of our Pacific naval squadron. This harbour, just inside the Strait of Juan de Fuca, is easy of access by day and night; an advantage not to be claimed by Vancouver, which must be reached through island-studded channels, strong tideways, and frequent fogs. Esquimalt harbour is land-locked, safe, and roomy, and, being directly connected with the coal-mines of Nanaimo by a railway, which is now being carried on into Victoria, its advantages to steamers are obvious. It is the high ambition of Victoria to connect this railway with the Canadian Pacific on the mainland, and so make a terminal port of Esquimalt. Could this be accomplished, the pretensions of Vancouver would be shattered. But the engineering difficulties in the way threaten great expense, and it is to be feared that this scheme will not be carried out, at any rate for some time to come. Another advantage offered by Esquimalt is its fine dry dock, lately finished, and opened by Her Majesty's ship *Cormorant* in July last.

These harbour, coaling, and dock accommodations would be strong inducements to any line of steamers that might contemplate the China-Canadian or Australo-Canadian routes, provided the delays and difficulties of transhipment to the mainland could be got over. The country all round Victoria, and especially the harbour of Esquimalt, is very beautiful. In summer, its many rocky inlets from the sea and wooded banks conceal mossy spots suggestive of fairyland, and the calm blue water offers irresistible temptations to those who love boating and fishing. Among the pine-woods, flowers and ferns abound in a profusion gladdening to the lover of nature, whether on science or on pleasure bent.

The climate of these parts is peculiar in the extremes of heat and cold it sometimes exhibits; and it has been described, with more force than absolute truth, by Père Accolti, an early Jesuit missionary, as 'huit mois d'hiver et quatre d'enfers.' It is, however, not so bad as this; the winter is damp and unpleasant, but the summer months are delightful. Altogether, the climate in general resembles that of the south-west of England, though a good deal colder in winter.

MISS BARKLE'S LEGACY.

CONCLUSION.—LOST AND WON.

Two months had elapsed since the events detailed in our last chapter, and no change in Miss Barkle's circumstances was yet apparent to Midport society. She was still residing at the cottage, and Annie Carston was with her. There was nothing to show that the increased income she anticipated existed anywhere but in her own imagination, for she lived as quietly and unostentatiously as she did before that wonderful advertisement appeared. It had leaked out, as such things always do, that Mrs Penbury was the widow of the man who was said to have left Miss Barkle money; but question as they would, not a shred of information could the gossips get from any of the four people who might be expected to know the ins and outs of the matter. John Brawn said bluntly he knew nothing about it; and

Annie Carston took her cue from him. Miss Barkle displayed symptoms of hysteria if the subject was mentioned; and the clergyman's wife, who had rashly attempted to sound Mrs Penbury under cover of a visit of condolence, was seen fleeing from Lansdale House back to the rectory in a fit of nervous apprehension, which she did not get over for days. It was extremely provoking and unsatisfactory; so, for want of new particulars, people began to grow sceptical, and to shake their heads doubtfully when Miss Barkle's legacy was touched upon.

Perhaps there was some ground for curiosity. The residents at Lansdale House and the cottage seemed to be on the best of terms. That John Brawn was engaged to Annie Carston was well known long ago, and the fact had given rise to many a sly laugh at Miss Barkle's expense. It was quite in the order of things that they should be much together either at one house or the other, but their engagement did not account for the frequency of Mrs Penbury's visits to the cottage. That was the stumbling-block which no one could explain away, and which forced the old ladies of Midport to insist that there was no money question at all to solve. Had the widow gone nowhere, it would of course have excited no remark; but her selection of Miss Barkle as her only friend under such circumstances could not escape notice. A few enthusiasts had made a point of calling at the cottage when Mrs Penbury was known to be there, but this manœuvre had so far resulted in conspicuous failure. The announcement of a visitor was almost instantly followed by the widow's departure, and a seemingly cordial 'Good-bye' was all that any one had ever heard pass between the two ladies.

Society is apt to avoid people and things it 'doesn't quite understand,' especially when its investigations are discouraged; so it gradually came about that our heroine saw her friends insensibly drifting away, back to the old distance at which she had known them before. Having been set up as the centre of interest for a time, she felt their defection sorely, realising that it was only eagerness to see the golden nimbus she wore that brought them so closely round her. Now that attraction was fading from their sight, and she stood upon her own merits, she was left alone again; almost alone, but one friend at least remained staunch to her, and she valued him accordingly. Captain Mulbane was the friend. He knew no more about the condition of her affairs than any one else, and had flatly refused to exert what influence he possessed to discover anything about them. 'And if the lady *did* honour me with her confidence on such private matters, Mr McGorgle, I should keep it to myself—to myself, sir!' Thus the captain had answered a chum, to the astonishment of a circle of friends at the club; and as this indicates a complete change of tactics on the part of that gentleman, we hasten to explain it to the reader. Captain Mulbane had turned over a new leaf, and renounced his habit of collecting and retailing scraps of local news for the edification of his acquaintances. He had received a letter from Annie Carston the day after he saw her at the gate of the cottage, in which she begged him to maintain silence regarding that little incident on the beach, painting in high colours Miss Barkle's dread of its becoming

known. It had shamed him to feel that his reputation was such as to make any one think it necessary to write to him thus; and being a man of impulse, he made his resolution on the spot. When, therefore, the inquiring M'Gorgie, egged on by more cautious friends, asked him 'to find out what was really on the cards' at the cottage, the captain arose and crushed him with the high-toned strength of his newly acquired principle.

No doubt his feeling for Miss Barkle did much towards his reformation; but whatever the motive may have been, he practised the virtue of silence faithfully, until Midport ceased to regard him as its chief purveyor of useless knowledge. John Brawen's engagement had given him profound satisfaction: it cleared the way for him to approach Miss Barkle; and he had never wavered in his determination to ask for her hand as soon as he saw a prospect of doing so with success. Her manner when she told him 'time would show' that day on the beach made him doubt the advisability of renewing his advances just now. If she had really been fond of Brawen, it was hardly likely so soon after his betrothal to somebody else that she would be disposed to look favourably upon another suitor. He had proceeded so far with commendable judgment for one whose experience in love was so small. Their first encounter after that memorable day on the beach had been a little timid on both sides; but Miss Barkle soon discovered that he had kept his promise not to mention it, and they felt that their secret created something of a mutual confidence, which to the captain was gratifying in the extreme. The rumours about her money had given him a little uneasiness, but in no way affected his attitude towards her; and his frequent visits were characterised by all the old pleasant intimacy, with a faint suggestion of deeper purpose behind. In truth, Captain Mulbane felt guilty in her presence; he had been choked off on the very verge of a proposal, and the course of events since had impelled him for his own sake to keep back words which he knew she had a right to expect from him, whether she was prepared to accept him or not. He must bide his time if he meant to give himself a fair chance. He could afford to wait, now that his only possible rival was out of the field, and—this was really an afterthought—something might turn up meantime about that mysterious money affair of hers.

For her part, Miss Barkle was not a little puzzled by his behaviour. She had quite forgotten the chance remark with which she had fired his jealousy; but his bearing as he uttered that tremulous 'Lina,' and the catastrophe that followed, were fresh in her recollection. He had always been attentive to her, and was even more so now; whilst she, true to her resolve, had treated him in her sweetest manner. She could not understand why he had never taken up the thread of that half-made offer. Two months had passed and he had not spoken, and no blandishments seemed to encourage him. She felt there was something which deterred him, but could not divine what it could be. That he suspected the feelings she had entertained for John Brawen, never entered her thoughts, and she sadly wondered if her love was destined to kill that of any man who succeeded in awakening it.

Before going further with the story of Miss Barkle's love affair, it is necessary to take the reader back six weeks and explain how the reconciliation of Mrs Penbury with that lady was brought about. Annie Carston had been the moving spirit in effecting it; and by the exercise of considerable patience and tact, she at length attained her object. Much of the widow's bitterness was due to the apparent haste with which the legatee had attempted to gain possession of the money, laying undue stress on the personal visit she had paid to Messrs Lambton and Warder. She had pointed this out one evening to Annie, deducing therefrom that Miss Barkle must by nature be a heartless grasping woman.

'I'm sure you wouldn't call her grasping, if you knew her,' said Annie; 'and as for being heartless, she was awfully fond of Jack.'

Mrs Penbury smiled. Miss Barkle's affection for her brother might certainly be counted a small point in her favour, since it had not been returned; but Miss Carston's arguments were hardly convincing to her mind.

'It's a pity you went up to town that time, Lina,' said Annie to her friend the same evening; 'that seems to have hurt Mrs Penbury as much as anything else.'

'I don't see how it could offend her,' said Miss Barkle wearily. Her troubles had weighed upon her heavily of late, and she was casting about for means to rid herself of them at any cost.

'She thinks you were in a hurry to get the money, and didn't consider how she was placed.'

'I didn't know there was a Mrs Penbury till the lawyer told me.'

'Of course I know that; but you see she is unreasonable about the whole thing,' said Annie, rather unfairly.

'I'm sure I would gladly be friends with her, if it's only for your sake,' replied Miss Barkle. She honestly desired to be on good terms with the widow because she was John Brawen's sister, if for no other reason, and had latterly been considering whether the adoption of heroic measures might not restore the peace of mind she had lost.

Her gratification at hearing of Mr Penbury's bequest had been due more largely than she herself suspected to the influence it might have had on John Brawen, and she began to realise this after his engagement to Annie Carston was declared. Her improved prospects, now there was no hope of sharing them with him, looked far less pleasing to her than they had done at the time there was apparently ground for her expectations. She drew a parallel between Mrs Penbury's case and her own: the widow had believed herself to be the one woman in her husband's world; and she, Miss Barkle, had innocently crushed that belief in the saddest hour of a woman's life. Miss Barkle had fondly nursed the thought that she was all in all to John Brawen; and Annie Carston, also guiltless, had robbed her of her love. Now, the last flicker of hope had died away, and she felt the legacy, so hateful to his sister, must be to some extent distasteful to him. She would therefore relinquish her claim to it; it had lost its value to her: to renounce it would prevent the total alienation of John Brawen from herself, and she

could plod along quietly at the cottage, as she had done for so many years. That her plan was quixotic, is the best that can be said for it, but we must bear in mind that Miss Barkle conceived it at a time when she felt she had nothing left on earth to live for. Mrs Penbury should acquit her of over-anxiety to obtain her husband's money; she had at least not deserved that imputation.

So Miss Barkle set to work and indited two letters—one to John Brawn, extremely business-like and short; and the other to Mrs Penbury, meek almost to servility. To Brawn she simply notified her wish to waive any claim she held against the late Mr Penbury's estate, requesting him to make it known in the proper quarter. We need not go deeply into the contents of the other letter; we have more to do with the result it produced.

'Miss Barkle has written to me to say she doesn't want the money,' said Mrs Penbury to Annie one evening soon after their last conversation.

Miss Carston stared with surprise. 'Not want the money, when it would double her income at least!' She had never said a word about this to her.—'What does she say?' asked Annie.

'Says she has had experiences lately which have led her to appreciate the feelings with which I must regard her,' said Mrs Penbury, reading from the letter; 'and begs that I will allow the lawyers to ignore her claim entirely, as she has asked Mr Brawn to have it withdrawn.'

'I wonder what she means?' said Annie, a faint suspicion that she had something to do with it crossing her mind. 'But will you let her give it up?'

'I don't believe for a moment the woman's in earnest,' said the widow in a hard voice.

'Perhaps, if you took her at her word, and then made friends with her, you would see if she really meant to resign it.' She was going to add, 'And then give it back afterwards,' but thought she might leave that to Mrs Penbury's sense of justice.

The widow sat silent for a few minutes, drumming with the letter on her lips, and finally decided to act upon Annie's proposition. She would assume that Miss Barkle actually meant to abandon her rights. It would be very convenient for herself if she did so, for she could then withdraw opposition to the probate of her husband's will. Of course, Miss Barkle should have her money eventually; but it was one thing to have it remorselessly kept back and paid away, and another to make a voluntary gift of it, as she could do if she took Miss Barkle at her word. We always feel a certain kindness for any one to whom we have done a favour; and Mrs Penbury felt that if the ten thousand pounds were placed at her disposal, her feelings towards the legatee would undergo a change.

'I'll take it for granted that she means it,' she said presently; 'and I like the way in which she has made me the arbitrator.'

The tone in which she spoke was reassuring to Annie, who thought that she might now push the business a little further with advantage. 'Will you go and see her, Mrs Penbury?'

'N-no. I think I'll write first and call afterwards.'

That would do. Annie had a presentiment that if the two could be brought together there would be no further difficulty, so she bade the widow good-night and left with a light heart. Her next step must be to prepare Miss Barkle for Mrs Penbury's visit, and this was a simple matter.

'Mrs Penbury told me what you had done about the money, this evening, Lina,' she began.

Miss Barkle made a slight gesture, as if to intimate that she wished to drop the subject, and remained silently gazing out of the window. Annie went to her, and putting her arm round her, began again; but her friend once more raised a cautioning hand, and this time spoke herself with an impassive calmness that surprised her: 'It could not buy the fulfilment of my wish, Annie: let us forget that the whole business ever occurred.' There was no suspicion of reproach, no sign of regret for the sacrifice she had made, to be detected in her tone; she had chosen her course, and was apparently satisfied with it.

'What did Mrs Penbury say, Annie?' she asked after a short silence.

'She is going to write, and means to come over and see you soon, Lina.'

Miss Barkle smiled gently. 'Then, if it only rests with me whether we are to be friends or not, there will be nothing in the way,' she said.

Annie said no more; she instinctively felt that this was not the time to tell Miss Barkle that Mrs Penbury's behaviour had given her the impression that the money would be restored, and was by no means sure the widow would wish her to betray what might be called a half-confidence.

Mrs Penbury made her call after having written to Miss Barkle. Both ladies met with the wish and intention of 'being friends'; and the acquaintance begun under such auspices laid the foundation of one of those warm attachments sometimes formed between two most opposite natures.

It is hardly necessary to say that the arrangement regarding the legacy was made known to no one; and the darkness in which Midport was left, led, as already mentioned, to the whole story being discredited. Miss Barkle never referred to it again; but she pondered a good deal on it in secret, often making up her mind to pour the tale into Captain Mulbane's sympathetic ear, and as often changing it, when she thought how uncertain he was of keeping silence. Publicity was not desirable; her action would not be understood, and she could not explain it, for she was able to form a very just idea of the opinion her neighbours would adopt—and freely express—about a woman who made such a sacrifice from such motives as hers.

John Brawn's visits to the cottage to see Annie Carston were becoming marked by a certain reserve in his manner towards Miss Barkle, hardly surprising when we remember that he knew the light in which she had until recently regarded him. On her side, the lady, bearing in mind what she had foregone to retain his friendship, was disappointed and pained. She could not tell him what had prompted her action, and he was hardly likely to guess. Confidence was naturally at an end, and before long Miss Barkle became sensible that the old feeling had given place to one of indifference.

Captain Mulbane, meantime, was waiting until he thought the hour to speak had come. Hope sustained the love-sick man, for Miss Barkle had been very tender to him of late, and he was beginning to feel certain of success. He determined upon committing himself to the deed at length, unable to retain his passion longer. If she didn't accept him now, she never would, and William Mulbane might as well know his fate at once. He made this resolution one evening after dinner—somehow, most of our great resolves are made about that time—and having slept upon it, awoke the next morning firm in his purpose. He was astonished at his own coolness, for he had been contemplating the move earnestly for some days, and too much consideration has sometimes an unsettling effect. The captain was not a careful man in his dress, as a rule; but this morning he arrayed himself with elaborate care, and paid his whiskers more attention than they had been accustomed to for years. Then he did a very rash thing: he strolled into the club to look at the papers before setting out on his mission, and the general magnificence of his get-up excited remark. He had been cool enough until now; but the sly chaff of his friends—some of whom had their suspicions—was too much for him, and he fled out into the street again, feeling that he was a marked man; that every passer-by intuitively knew he was on his way to the cottage to propose to Miss Barkle. The captain grew hot and cold, reckless and timid by turns, a dozen times, before he reached the gate, and when he did, he rang the bell without having even considered the form in which he should put the momentous question. He was given ten minutes' breathing-time in the drawing-room to collect his thoughts and arrange his ideas, but he did not make use of it; he had but one idea in the world at the moment, and that was too much for him. He looked at the pictures and books about the room, and it struck him that it was much like waiting till the dentist was at leisure. If he could only think of some suitable form of words to begin with, he would feel easier. But strive as he would, nothing would suggest itself; and it was in a state of nervousness bordering on imbecility that he heard Miss Barkle's footsteps.

She entered, dressed to go out; and reading the purport of his visit at a glance, seated herself calmly, and waited, whilst he dashed blindly at the object he had in view.

'I came to see you, Miss Barkle,' he began, and stopped. The fact was self-evident; the lady felt that no reply was necessary, so she inclined her head slightly and remained silent. 'To—speak to you, Miss Barkle, very particularly.' (It was awful; he had no idea it would be so difficult as this.)

'What is it, Captain Mulbane?' said she, so coolly that his heart sank down into his boots.

Ah, now she had brought him face to face with it, but without such help as she had given him last time. Happy thought! He would remind her of 'last time,' by way of preparing her for what he had to say. He wriggled to the extreme edge of his chair and made another plunge. 'Perhaps you remember one evening when I found you—on the beach, Miss Barkle?'

It was not an event the lady was likely to

forget, but why on earth should he come here to speak to her 'particularly' and bring up that? It had no bearing on the business in hand; she was not going to help him; he had been long enough thinking about it, and she gathered up her skirts, as if to rise. 'I remember,' she said, 'but can't conceive why you should refer to it.'

He had offended her! The captain completely lost his head, and threw himself on the sofa at her side, oblivious to everything but her frown. 'Barkle—Miss Lina, I mean—I came to ask—I was going to say—O-oh, Lina!' Words failed him, and he seized her hand, struggling to master his emotion. She let him retain that one, so he put away his handkerchief and possessed himself of the other. It was all over; Miss Barkle turned up her veil. Let us leave them together.

There was a double wedding at Midport a few months later, and amongst the presents received by Mrs William Mulbane was a notification to the effect that, at the request of Mrs George Penbury, Messrs Coutts & Co. had transferred the sum of ten thousand pounds to her name.

Both the Brawens and Mulbanes left Midport; but the story of Miss Barkle's Legacy is told there still with zest by numerous people who really knew all the particulars of the case, but have never yet agreed about them.

WIT IN QUOTATION.

FEW forms of wit are more amusing to most persons than that which consists of the witty use of quotations. A quotation may be apt, yet not witty; but it is impossible for a witty quotation not to be apt. Some persons, like the leaders on the *Daily Telegraph*, seem to have swallowed but not wholly assimilated two or three dictionaries of quotations, so full are they of 'extracts from the best authors;' and although their mass of allusions and quotations are frequently apt and to the point, they yet fall short of being witty. No writer ever succeeded in making use of so many witty quotations as Barham, of *Ingoldsby Legends* fame. Hood perhaps comes next; and many examples can be found in the writings of Sydney Smith, Theodore Hook, Byron, and others. Curran, the brilliant Irish advocate, also made use of many witty quotations.

A stock of good quotations and a knowledge of the instances in which certain uncommon words or phrases have been used, are frequently of much service. Thus, when an advocate was arguing against the use of the word 'minstrel,' and urging that before his client could be called by that term, it must be proved that several persons played together, the judge made him collapse by asking, 'Then what about Sir Walter Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*?'

At a dinner given by an American banker a few years ago, somebody asked Lord Houghton if he would take his duck rare. 'Rare! rare!' said his lordship; 'now, there is another of your Americanisms which make it so difficult to understand you. And, pray, what do you mean by "rare?"' An American President piped out from the other end of the table: 'We mean by "rare," my lord, what Dryden meant when he wrote,

"Roast me quickly an egg, and see that it be rare." Every one flatters himself that he understands the English language if only he can express his thoughts with tolerable clearness. But this is a popular error. Lord Houghton should have known that the word 'rare,' in the sense of underdone, was frequently used in Elizabethan literature; and to this day it is to be heard in many parts of England, from Yorkshire to Devonshire. Credit is due to the American who so quickly and effectually responded to his lordship and at the same time taught him a good English word.

Scott, too, once distinguished himself in a somewhat similar manner. A fellow-scholar of his, on being asked, 'What part of speech is "with?"' answered, 'A substantive.' The rector, after a short pause, thought it worth while to ask, 'Is "with" ever a substantive?' but all were silent until Scott's turn came. He instantly responded by quoting a verse of the Book of Judges: 'And Samson said unto her [Delilah], If they bind me with seven green *withs* that were never dried, then shall I be weak, and be as another man.' Readers of Lockhart's admirable biography will remember that there are also several other similar stories told of Scott, and all of these are characteristic, ingenious, and illustrative of his fertility of resource.

An interesting phase of wit in quotation is seen when certain well-known phrases are happily used under different circumstances from those with which they are usually associated. Thus, a Professor of the Edinburgh University having asked Christopher North for the hand of his daughter Jane, Christopher fixed a small ticket to Miss Jane's chest, and announced his decision by thus presenting the young lady to the Professor, who read, 'With the author's compliments.'—Witty, also, was the letter addressed to the owner of a pair of clogs which had been left at the office of the *Century Magazine*, New York. 'Dear Madam,' the editor wrote, 'without expressing any opinion as to the literary merit of the accompanying articles, permit us to say that we think them unsuitable for insertion in our magazine.'—Everybody remembers Hood's witty metamorphosis of the National Anthem: 'A pint of beer among four of us.' Still better was the line in an advertisement written by H. J. Byron, at a time when there was much disturbance in Liverpool regarding the booking-fees at theatres: 'Off with the bob: so much for booking 'em.'

Biblical quotations are frequently used wittily. Although many persons naturally think the language of the Bible should not be used for the purpose, no exception can be taken to the retort of the man who, on entering a barber's shop, at once seated himself in the chair, and in response to the expostulations of the customers, quietly retorted: 'We are told, "the last shall be first."'—Sydney Smith, again, in reply to Landseer's invitation to him to sit for his portrait, exclaimed, in allusion to the well-known animal painter's ability, 'Is thy servant a *dog* that he should do this thing?'—Several witty scriptural quotations are credited to Bishop Blomfield. Once when he had been present at the consecration of a church where the choral parts of the service had been a failure, he was asked what he thought of the music. 'Well,' he replied, 'at least it was according to Biblical precedent: "the singers went before,

the minstrels followed after.'"—On another occasion, a friend was interceding with him on behalf of a clergyman who was constantly in debt, and had more than once been insolvent. After praising the talents and eloquence of the impecunious parson, the friend wound up by saying: 'In fact, my lord, he is quite a St Paul.'—'Yes,' said the bishop—"in prisons oft."—Among the witty scriptural quotations attributed to the Presbyterian preacher Mr Paul, is one bearing upon his own name. When about to leave Ayr, he gave a farewell sermon expressly to the ladies, and founded it on the passage, 'All wept sore, and fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him.'—Biblical quotations are only too apt to be used irreverently; and a foreigner who had read some of our standard jest-books might, on reading the English version of the Bible for the first time, urge against it the same argument that the old lady used against *Hamlet*—"that there were too many quotations in it."

To a comparatively small number of people, quotations, however witty, afford no food for laughter because they have little or no knowledge of literature. This fact of course makes the laugh all the more hearty for those who have. One does not need an extensive knowledge of literature, however, to understand and appreciate the quotation made by C. S. Calverley when he, Mr James Payn, and one or two other gentlemen were climbing Scaffell from Westwater. The party went up the mountain much too fast for Mr Payn, who toiled after them in vain. 'The labour we delight in *physics* Payn,' said Calverley. Nor is a knowledge of the classics necessary to understand the phrase made use of by Charles Lamb's sister upon seeing the farewell performance of the well-known comic actor, J. S. Munden, and this may be cited in conclusion. 'Well,' she said after the curtain had dropped—"Well, *sic transit gloria Munden*."

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

PARIS, like London and other large cities, has found the need of a better water-supply than that which was originally provided for its population. A bold suggestion for solving the problem has been submitted to the city authorities by a Swiss engineer; he proposes that the French capital should draw an inexhaustible supply of pure water from the Lake of Neuchâtel, in Switzerland, at a cost of about twenty millions sterling. The length of the proposed aqueduct, which would include a tunnel twenty-two miles long under the Jura Mountains, is three hundred and twelve miles; and as the lake is sixteen hundred and twenty feet above the mean level of the Paris streets, there would be no chance of failure from want of sufficient gradient. Indeed, it is proposed to deliver the water at a height above that level of four hundred feet, which, with the flow of more than four thousand gallons per second, would give sufficient power to supply all the workshops in the city with motive-force and all the streets with electric light.

A curious bird's-nest has, it is said, been found in one of those Swiss cities where watch-factories abound; it is that of a wagtail, and is composed

almost entirely of steel springs such as are used in the watch-trade.

In the early days of the electric telegraph, great difficulty was experienced in some countries in protecting the wires from the cupidity or superstition of the natives of the districts through which they were carried. Such a thing occurred, according to the *Electrical Review*, in Chili, a difficulty which was solved by a clever stratagem. There happened to be at the time a number of captive Indians in the Chilian camp. These were called together by the general in command of the troops, under whose auspices the telegraph was being established, and he explained to them, that if they touched the wires, their hands would be held fast, and they would be unable to get away. The Indians did not believe this; but the officer, to prove to them that he spoke the truth, requested them to take hold of some wires, connected with a concealed induction coil. This had the usual effect of so cramping the muscles of their fingers that they could not get away, although the general commanded them to let go. The action of the battery was then stopped, and the men were released, with the strict injunction not to tell their countrymen on any account of this secret regarding telegraph wires. Of course this had the desired result; and every Indian was afterwards told in strict confidence about the dreadful result of meddling with the wires.

The *Scientific American* lately contained an illustrated description of an Electric Club which has recently been opened in New York. As its name implies, the Club is fitted with all kinds of electrical contrivances. In the cellar is a powerful steam-engine, to give the necessary motive-power to two dynamos. Associated with these are storage-batteries and apparatus for the general control of the electric currents throughout the building. The entire edifice is lighted by electricity, and the current is utilised in many other ways. For instance, in one room is a stove consisting of a platinum wire, which is carried in zigzag form across a surface of asbestos. When the current passes through this wire it is raised to a white-heat, and communicates that heat to the unflammable asbestos. A boot-blackening machine is another novelty which is worked by a small electric motor. There is an electric safe for the storage of valuables, and an electric door-opener, which the initiated can control by the pressure of a stud in the floor. Although the Club is a social one, it is believed that it will do much to further electrical research, containing as it will a lecture-room furnished with the most recent apparatus and a first-class library.

The truth of the old saying that 'there is nothing like leather,' has been questioned in a very practical manner by an inventor at Nuremberg, who has produced a shoe sole in which leather is conspicuous by its absence. This sole is composed of a network of wire, overlaid with an india-rubber-like substance the composition of which is secret. These soles have, it is said, been well tested in the German army, and have been found to be twice as durable as those of leather, while they are only half the price of the older-fashioned material.

The modern plan of consuming to ashes such refuse as might otherwise become a nuisance dangerous to health is now finding favour in many

cities and towns. At Southampton, the Refuse Destructor, as the furnace is called, is made to do a double duty, for the waste heat from the machine is caused to heat a boiler, the steam from which supplies an engine which in its turn actuates an electric-light dynamo. Other corporations will doubtless profit by this useful example.

Mr Klein recently read a paper before the Middlesex Natural History and Science Society which contained an interesting account of the wholesale destruction of flour by an insect pest imported into this country from the Mediterranean. The flour was stored to the amount of more than one thousand tons in some large warehouses in the east of London. To the dismay of the owners, a large quantity of the valuable food was found to have undergone a change which gave it the appearance of dirty wool, and rendered it quite unfit even for pigs. This change was traced to the larvæ of a certain butterfly, and all attempts to stamp out the plague signally failed. The grubs could be seen in thousands on every sack, and the damage done amounted to hundreds of pounds. At length nature provided the remedy which human skill could not discover. Another change occurred: the tops of the sacks became black as soot with a number of minute flies, whose mission it was to lay their eggs in the bodies of the flour-eating caterpillars and to bring their depredations to an end. We may mention that specimens of the pest in its various stages, together with the exterminating flies, which latter appear to be a new species, are now shown at the Natural History department of the British Museum, Kensington.

The various terrible fires in theatres which have too often shocked the world during the last few years have given rise to many preventive measures, which, however, stop short of the one radical change which should become compulsory; we mean, the lighting of theatres and places of public amusement generally by electricity. The Spanish authorities have already passed a law compelling all theatres in Madrid to adopt the electric light within six months. The engines, dynamos, &c. are to be isolated completely from the main building, and oil-lamps are to be used where supplementary lights are required. Managers of theatres will surely find it to their interest to substitute the new lamps for old ones, for it is well known that the recent disasters in theatres have scared away many of their patrons. The use of a safe method of lighting would speedily restore the lost confidence.

Rats have from time to time been credited with having been the cause of conflagrations, owing to an alleged fondness which they have for lucifer matches. According to *Fire and Water*, a gentleman at Boston, United States, determined to ascertain by experiment whether there was any truth in this allegation. He slaut several rats in a cage, feeding them well, and placing matches within their reach. The first night several matches were ignited by the rats, and not a day passed while the experiment was going on but the same thing happened. The ignition was caused by the rats gnawing the phosphorus ends of the matches, which evidently had some attraction for them. It is now so usual to make use of matches which contain no phosphorus, that the discovery is not so valuable as it would have

been some years back. Still, the observation is a very interesting one.

The late War Office scandal concerning the bayonets and cutlasses which had been supplied to the troops, and which were compared in quality to hoop-iron, is not likely to be repeated, for the authorities have laid down stringent regulations as to the tests to be applied to those weapons before they are issued to the soldiers. These tests consist of, first, a vertical pressure of forty pounds on the hilt of the cutlass, which the weapon must bear without bending; second, an increased pressure until the hilt approaches the point within a few inches; and third, a bending of the blade round a curved surface until hilt and point still more nearly touch one another. The weapons are also to be subjected to blows on a block of wood to test their general soundness.

It has long been a vexed question among artillerymen whether solid steel plate or iron faced with steel is the better material to resist the impact of modern projectiles. To settle this question, the government determined upon a series of careful experiments, which are now being carried on at Portsmouth at the expense of the state. A number of different manufacturers have been invited to supply armour-plates for trial, and these plates are being fired at at very short ranges with chilled iron and forged steel projectiles. So far as the experiments have at present gone, the advantage seems to lie with the use of the compound plates.

A curious corner of old London will, it is said, fall under the auctioneer's hammer during the coming summer; this is Barnard's Inn, the entry of which is a narrow passage turning out of Holborn. The Hall of this inn is the smallest of such erections, measuring only thirty-six feet in length. Its most remarkable feature is the little cupola or louvre of lead which crowns its roof. In olden times, the practice of lighting a fire on a hearth in the centre of a room necessitated an arrangement of the kind for the escape of the smoke. There are very few of these cupolas now remaining. Charles Dickens, who had a most extensive knowledge of London byways, knew Barnard's Inn, and described it as 'the dingiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together in a rank corner as a club for Tom-cats.' The Inn dates from the year 1450, and is hard by that row of ancient overhanging houses which form such a curious contrast to the modern shops of High Holborn.

The government authorities in Ceylon are doing a very good work in restoring the huge tanks or reservoirs by the help of which fertility is ensured over large tracts of that country by the same means as it is in India. In northern Ceylon, one of these restored tanks has recently been opened amid great festivities. This is the Kallawewa tank, which is the largest in the island. It was constructed in the fifth century, but has for a long time been useless in consequence of a great breach in its main wall, one hundred feet broad, which was caused either by a heavy flood or by the act of some long-forgotten invader. The restoration of this tank, which covers an area of seven square miles, has occupied four years. It is connected with a canal fifty-four miles in length, which on its way to the tank supplies a number of detached villages. The breach mentioned above has now

been repaired, and the sluices and other works connected with the tank have been put in order. The boon which this restoration means to the poor agriculturists of the country cannot be over-estimated.

The advantage of underground systems of wires and pipes for the distribution of electricity, water, gas, &c., was well illustrated at New York during the late terrible snowstorm or 'blizzard' which visited that city. Overhead, the telegraph and telephone wires were either broken or rendered dangerous, and impossible to use on account of their entanglement with the electric-light cables, which in that city are also commonly suspended above the streets. But underground in the subways the storm was of course not felt. The gas was duly delivered as usual, and the Steam Supply Company provided for their clients their accustomed amount of heat.

In Boston, a different form of heat-distribution has been provided. Thirteen thousand feet of piping have been laid under the streets of that city for a public supply of hot water under great pressure. These pipes are covered with a non-conducting preparation, so that they may retain as much of their initial heat as possible, which heat, by the way, is far above the usual boiling-point. By means of reducing valves, the initial pressure of three hundred pounds on the square inch can be reduced to a more convenient pressure at the issuing point, where the water will be allowed to expand into steam, and can be used for heating and other purposes. The hot water not used goes back to headquarters by a return main.

On the Midland Railway, a train is now in regular service between Derby and Manchester lighted by electricity on a new system. The method adopted is that of Mr Timmiss of Westminster, and it has now been in efficient operation for some weeks. Under each carriage are placed store-cells, or secondary batteries, which are charged by a dynamo machine at Derby whenever necessary. These batteries supply an electric current to 'Swan' incandescent lamps, two of which are placed in each compartment of the train. The electric current is under the control of the guard, who, by means of a switch, can put the lamps in action or extinguish them as may be required. But the novelty of the system consists in the method by which each carriage is independent of its neighbours; that is to say, if by any means a carriage should become detached, its lamps will be automatically lighted up, and will remain lighted until the cells are exhausted. The cost of lighting a train of average length is said to be equal to the consumption of half a pound of coal per mile.

It will be remembered that a short time ago, in view of increasing the carrying capacity of the Suez Canal, it was determined both to widen and deepen that international water-way, and also, if possible, to enable ships to continue their journey through it by night. A scheme has now been formulated to carry the lighting of the canal into operation. The system which has been selected, after consideration of electricity, oil, and gas as light-producers, is that of compressed oil-gas on buoys and fixed standards. The buoys lighted by Pintsch's oil-gas have been well tested now in various parts of the world, and can be made of sufficient capacity to hold a supply of gas for two

months' consecutive burning. A further provision is found in the lighting of the ships themselves; and before the vessel is allowed to pass through the canal at night, the officials in charge must be satisfied that it contains the necessary lighting power. This is to consist of a powerful head-light, capable of throwing an electric beam for thirteen hundred yards. Each ship must also have another electric lamp suspended over its deck, which will give an all-round light fully two hundred yards in diameter. A very perfect system of signalling by means of lights of different colours and different positions is also comprised in the scheme. This system of lighting the canal may be looked upon as provisional until such time as it may be absolutely necessary to carry out the widening and deepening of the channel.

Some curious meteorological phenomena have recently been observed in Mexico, which are attributed to the laying of a line of railway there. A great deal of damage has occurred on the Mexico Central Railroad, due to the bursting of waterspouts on the track. The engineers have also noted that as fast as the line advances the rain seems to follow. These curious results are supposed to be due to some attractive force induced by the use of the large mass of metal employed in making the road, the waterspouts seeming to be attracted by both the rails and the telegraph wires. The matter is receiving the attention of scientific men in the country.

Something of a novelty in the way of guide-books has recently been published by Longley (39 Warwick Lane, London). The price of each is one penny. These guide-books are illustrated, and are constructed in a comprehensive and exact manner, the facts being concisely given and with evident accuracy. The books embrace almost all the chief places of resort in England, Scotland, and Ireland, while some of them apply to places on the Continent.

STEAM-CANOE BUILT OF DELTA METAL.

In a recent number of the *Journal* we drew attention to the many advantages accruing from the employment of a comparatively new alloy known as Delta Metal. Our remarks have just received a practical illustration in the construction of a novel craft, built for exceptional purposes. The *Nyassa* steam-canoe, constructed for the Universities' African Mission Society, for service on the lake bearing that name, is composed entirely of Delta Metal, a material equal in strength to steel, and practically incorrodible. In tropical waters saturated with decomposing vegetable matter, iron or steel would rapidly corrode, even if continually painted by skilled labour—a difficulty in remote regions—hence the adoption of Delta Metal. The attacks of white ants render wood impracticable for boat-building.

The *Nyassa* has been built in three sections, as she will have to be transported on men's backs from the coast to Lake Nyassa—a considerable distance. The little craft has been built as a 'Mersey canoe,' being required for sailing as well as for steaming on a lake noted for its boisterous weather. The engine can be taken out of the boat and replaced within a few hours, and the change from steamer to sailing-vessel effected by unskilled labourers.

The *Nyassa* has two masts, the mainmast having a copper lightning-conductor. The boiler-furnace has been specially designed for consumption of wood and similar fuel found in tropical countries. Air-tight bulkheads are provided. The vessel is twenty-one feet long, with a beam of seven feet and a depth of three feet, and draws only sixteen inches with engine and boiler on board. At recent tests made in the open sea, the *Nyassa* proved to have good sailing-powers with engine and boiler on board, and in every way fully justified the expectations of her designers and builders.

THE DAUGHTER.

My little daughter grows apace;
Her dolls are now quite out of date;
It seems that I must take their place,
We have become such friends of late,
We might be ministers of state,
Discussing projects of great peril,
Such strange new questionings dilate
The beauty of my little girl.

How tall she grows! What subtle grace
Doth every movement animate;
With garments gathered for the race
She stands, a goddess slim and straight.
Young Artemis, when *she* was eight
Among the myrtle-bloom and laurel—
I doubt if she could more than mate
The beauty of my little girl.

The baby passes from her face,
Leaving the lines more delicate,
Till in her features I can trace
Her mother's smile, serene, sedate.
'Tis something at the hands of fate,
To watch the onward years unfurl
Each line which goes to consecrate
The beauty of my little girl.

ENVOL.

Lord! hear me, as in prayer I wait.
Thou givest all; guard Thou my pearl;
And, when Thou countest at the Gate
Thy jewels, count my little girl.

J. D. S.

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to insure the safe return of ineligible papers.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.



-
g
e
f
s
t
n
t
a
e
y
d
-

-
ct
ne
ps
U-
or
ss
ed
m

-
r
t
-



PROUD'S SANITARY MATS

— FOR —

WASH-HOUSES, GREEN-HOUSES

AND DAMP OR COLD FLOORS

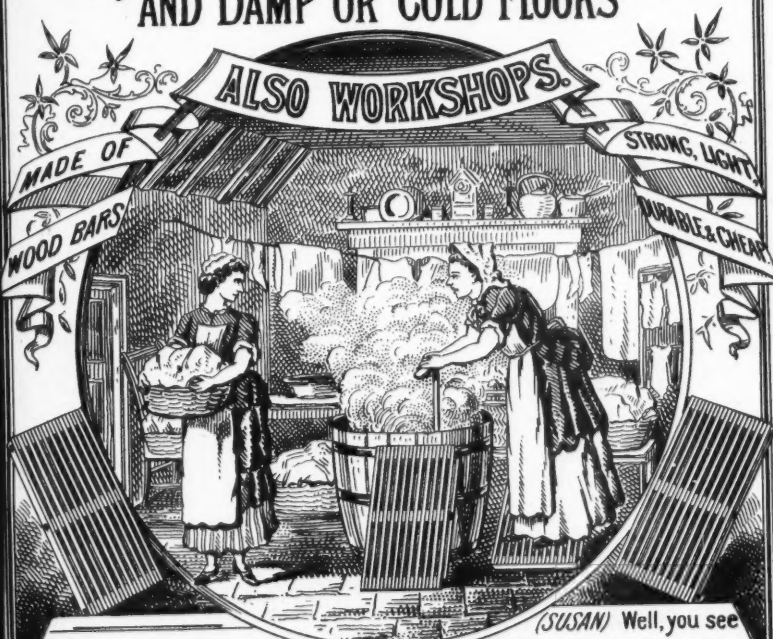
ALSO WORKSHOPS.

MADE OF

WOOD BARS

STRONG, LIGHT

DURABLE & CHEAP



(KITTY) Well, SUSAN, how is your Rheumatism to day.

(SUSAN) Well, you see I've got Dry Feet to day, never have had Rheumatism since using — PROUD'S SANITARY MATS. —

WHOLESALE AT

BROOKFIELD WORKS

103, ICKNIELD STREET,

BIRMINGHAM.

SOLD BY ALL IRONMONGERS.

PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE.

**PROUD'S
SANITARY WOOD MATS**

Supply a long-felt want, as it is well-known that standing on cold or wet floors is the fore-runner of

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA & COLDS

No Home should be without one of these Mats.

For Sinks and Wash Houses they are most invaluable. They are now used also for a number of other purposes, namely, Jewellers' Work Shops, Green Houses, Cabs, etc.

The size in general use is One Yard long, by Half-a-yard wide, but can be made to any other size required.

WHOLESALE AT

PROUD'S, Brookfield Works,
103, ICKNIELD STREET,
BIRMINGHAM.

SOLD BY ALL IRONMONGERS.

RE.

TS

and-

LDS

alu-

other

uses,

Half-

ired.

arks,

RS.

The Ball-pointed pen is the pen of the age.
"It is used by the banker, the merchant, the sage."
"Because I've found it, the Ball-pointed pen!"

BALL-POINTED PENS

(H. Hewitt's Patent—Britain, 429; America, 295,395).

PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.

LONDON.
PARIS.
VIENNA.

SYDNEY.
MELBOURNE.
ADELAIDE.

BRISBANE.

MOSCOW.

AMSTERDAM.



ADVANTAGES

OF THE BALL-POINTED PENS.

They are made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, guided by an experience of many years. Mr. Hewitt's Patent is, without doubt, the most important improvement in steel pens since first introduced.

Instead of the extreme point touching the paper, and as is the case with ordinary pens,

frequently scratching and spurting, those made according to this process glide over the paper with a facility impossible to describe. They are suitable for writing in every position, glide over any paper, never scratch nor stick in the paper. This system also strengthens the pen and increases its durability.

ORMISTON & GLASS,

8 ELDER STREET, EDINBURGH.

BALL-POINTED PENS.



506. Falcon.—Medium fine point; suitable for all classes of commercial work. A thoroughly reliable pen.

516EF. Scribe.—Extra fine point. Large ink-holding bowl, obviating frequent dipping. For ledger work or very fine writing.

516F. Bank.—Same pen as above, but with medium fine point. The book-keepers' friend.



521. Ledger.—Broad shouldered; medium point. Capacious and flexible business pen.

526F. Hawk.—Strong, firm, fine-pointed; suitable for general correspondence and book-work.

526M. Eagle.—Same as above, but with medium point. For bold or rapid writing this pen is unequalled.



537M. Jay.—Small; medium point, with reservoir attachment, capable of holding a large supply of ink. Suitable for ladies; also the legal and medical professions.

537B. Pelican.—Same as above, but with broad point. For antique and other fashionable writing papers—invaluable. Nos. 537M. and 537B. may also be had without the reservoir.



545. Stub.—Medium broad point. The many admirers of this shaped pen are recommended to try a "ball-pointed stub," and they will never use any other.

546. James Watt.—Medium point.

MANCHESTER ALUM WORKS, September 22, 1896.

As the largest manufacturers in our line in the world, and constant inventors ourselves, we very much admire your Ball-Pointed Pens, and we consider it certain that ultimately they will displace all other commercial pens. The box you sent us—No. 546—contains just the kind we wanted, and it is quite charming to listen to the quill-like music it makes while running after and keeping up with our thoughts.

P. SPENCE & SONS.

The above Pens are made in fine silver-grey steel, in 6d. and 1/ boxes; also in gross boxes, price 3/.

Electro-Gilt Pens.

Nos. 506, 516F, 521, 526M, 537M, 537B, may be had electro-gilt, highly finished, equal to gold pens—in 6d. and 1/ boxes; also in gross boxes, price 4/6.

"FEDERATION" FOUNTAIN PENS.



FRONT VIEW.



BACK VIEW.

These possess all the qualities of the ordinary Ball-pointed pens, and in addition have a reservoir or fountain capable of containing a supply of ink sufficient for writing 200 words.

Made with *fine* or *medium* points, in *silver-grey* or *gilt*—in attractive boxes at 1/; also in half-gross boxes, grey, 2/6; gilt, 3/6.

"FEDERATION" PENHOLDERS.

H. HEWITT'S PATENT.—NAME REGISTERED, NO. 55499.



These Holders not only prevent the pen from blotting when laid on the desk, but give a firm and comfortable grip for the fingers.

In Cedar, Rosewood, Ebony, or Polished Bone, price 1d., 2d., 4d., and 6d.

The Secretary of Royal Bank of Scotland says—"They are excellent for a Bank counter."

A FEW USERS OF THE BALL-POINTED PENS.

OSBORNE, *January 26th*, 1885.—Sir Henry Ponsonby begs leave to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of the boxes of patent pens which Messrs. Ormiston & Glass have had the goodness to send here. He has had much pleasure in submitting these pens to the Queen.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, S.W., *27th February* 1885.—Mr. Knollys requests you to send a box of "J" pens, like the sample enclosed (537n), and also a box with broader nibs (537n).

MARBLE PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG, *21st June* 1887.—Will you kindly send two boxes of pens and two "Federation" holders to H. I. H. the Grand Duke Constantine. Duties will be paid here.

BARON DE ROTHSCHILD, PARIS.
SIR W. G. ARMSTRONG, MITCHELL & CO.
ARTHUR & CO., LIMITED, GLASGOW.
COPESTAKE, HUGHES, CRAMPTON & CO.
CROSSE & BLACKWELL, LONDON.
JOSIAH WEDGEWOOD & SONS, STROKE-ON-TRENT.

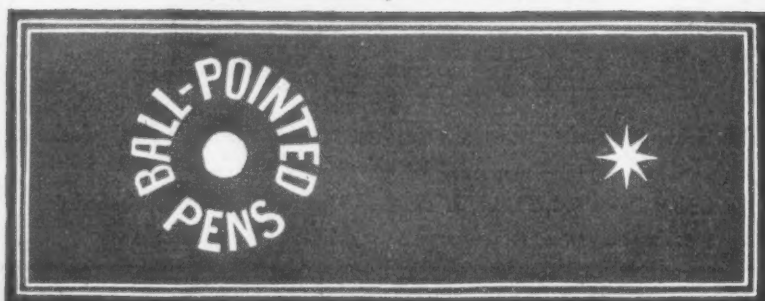
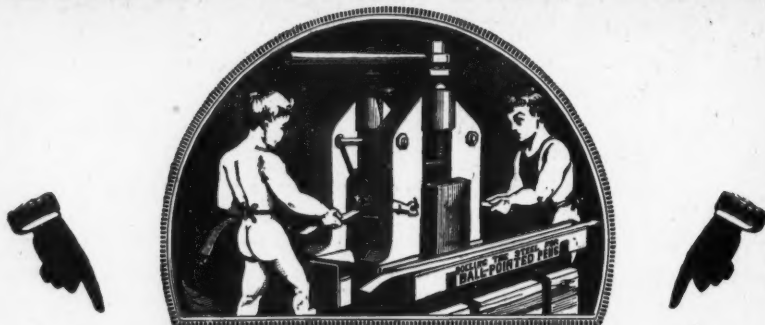
THE BANK OF ENGLAND.
LONDON & COUNTY BANK.
ROYAL BANK OF SCOTLAND.
LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION.
NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY CO.
LONDON & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY CO.

The above Pens and Penholders are sold by all Stationers throughout the world.

If any difficulty is experienced in getting them, send *One Shilling and Sixpence*, for which you will receive a 1/ assorted box of Pens, and an Ebony "Federation" Penholder *Post Free*, from

ORMISTON & GLASS,
8 ELDER STREET, EDINBURGH.

BALL-POINTED PENS



THERE IS A BLIND SPOT IN YOUR EYE.

PROOF.—Shut the left eye, and, at a distance of six inches, look steadily at the centre of the ball in above diagram, when the star will be seen at the same time. Then, still gazing at the ball, remove the paper a few inches, when the star

will entirely disappear from view. It will again appear when further off.

Any person who can disprove the above fact will receive from ORMISTON & GLASS the sum of **Five Guineas**, or its equivalent—
A Box of Ball-Pointed Pens.



THIS is the only workable patent which has ever been applied to steel pens. None of the turned-up, turned-down, oblique, or other anomalous points, applied to pens, have been or can be patented, as they are simply abortions of manufacture which are soon discarded after trial. There are ten varieties of Ball-Pointed Pens suitable for all classes of writers. Ask your Stationer for

A Shilling Assorted Box,

AND

Choose a pen to suit your hand.

ORMISTON & GLASS, Edinburgh.

PEARS' SOAP

SPECIALY
FOR THE
COMPLEXION



"MORE BUBBLES" by EDOUARD FRÈRE.
A Companion to "BUBBLES" by SIR JOHN MILLAIS, BART. &c.
Both the Original Paintings in the possession of the Proprietors of

PEARS' SOAP.

"Regd Copyright"

A GOOD COMPLEXION AND NICE HANDS

Nothing adds so much to personal attractions as a bright clear Complexion, and a soft skin. Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive; and yet there is no advantage so easily secured.

THE regular use of a Properly Prepared Soap is one of the chief means; but the Public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweighs the more important consideration, viz.: the Composition of the Soap itself, and thus many a good Complexion is spoiled which would be enhanced by proper care.

PEARS' SOAP sold everywhere.

PEARLS SOAP

Is absolutely Pure; free
from excess of Alkali,
and from Artificial Colouring matter.
Delightfully Perfumed, Durable, and has
been in Good Repute nearly 100 Years.

a Specialty for Children

It is specially recommended for Infants and Children because it is perfectly pure, and does not irritate their delicate sensitive skin, nor make their little eyes smart. It lasts so long that it is certainly the CHEAPEST as well as the BEST Toilet Soap. It makes Children feel comfortable, and hence happy after their bath, and by its use the natural softness and brightness of their complexion are improved and preserved.

The great Authority on the Skin, the Late
† † Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S. † †
PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF ENGLAND,
calls it a "BALM FOR THE SKIN," and strongly
recommends its use for the complexion

TABLETS 6d. & 1s. Each.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

INSIST ON HAVING
† PEARLS †



He won't be
happy
till he
gets it!



BAILEY'S PATENT ABDOMINAL BELTS. Undoubtedly the greatest improvement ever effected. Prices: 45s., 35s., 25s. Address the Superintendent, Ladies' Department.

BAILEY'S ELASTIC STOCKINGS. Strong, light, and porous. Cotton, 5s., 6s. 6d.; Silk, 7s. 6d.; 10s. 6d.; 14s. 6d.; 17s. 6d. each. For measurement send the circumference at calf, ankle, and instep.

BAILEY'S TRUSSES. Every known description manufactured on the premises.

BAILEY'S IMPROVED CHEST-EXPANDING BRACES. Invaluable for growing children. Price 12s. 6d. State age. Catalogues Free.

W. H. BAILEY & SON, 38 Oxford Street, W.

FIRST ESTABLISHED 1825.

NEAVE'S FOOD

FOR INFANTS and CHILDREN. INVALIDS and THE AGED.

NEAVE'S FOOD

BEST AND CHEAPEST.

SULPHOLINE LOTION

BOTTLES SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THE CURE FOR SKIN DISEASES.

ERUPTIONS, BLOTCHES, ECZEMA, ACNE, DISFIGUREMENTS.

Makes the Skin clear, smooth, supple, healthy.

A PHOSPHATIC FOOD FOR DELICATE CHILDREN.

SQUIRE'S CHEMICAL FOOD.

The original preparation of the late

EDWARD PARRISH, for which SQUIRE & SONS were for 20 years the sole agents, and for the last 13 years have been the authorised manufacturers.

In Bottles, 2s., 3s. 6d., and 6s. each of Chemists,

OR BY PARCEL POST FREE DIRECT FROM

SQUIRE & SONS,

Her Majesty's Chemists,

413 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION. 1835

FOR

MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE.

Funds exceed.....£4,300,000

Claims Paid exceed.....£7,000,000

Bonuses Declared exceed.....£4,000,000

Division of Profits, £612,900. Cash Profit has lately been apportioned amongst the Members, being MORE THAN 38 PER CENT. of the amount paid in premiums during the past five years.

48 GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON.

S. SAINSBURY'S

Prepared from the finest ENGLISH LAVENDER, without any foreign whatever.

LAVENDER WATER.

The Strength, Refinement, and great lasting quality of this Perfume render it one of the most economical as well as elegant Scents extant.

176 and 177 STRAND, LONDON;

and at the Railway Bookstalls, and generally throughout the country.

Prices in bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s. 6d., and 6s. Post free, 2d. extra. Also in neat cases suitable for presents, 3s., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 8s., 10s. 6d., and 15s. 6d. Post free, 3d. extra.

PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC

2s. 6d. Bottles. Sold Everywhere.

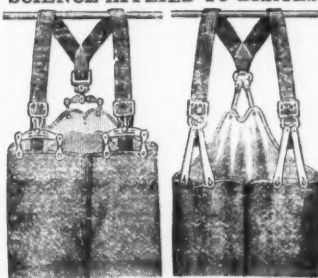
GIVES

GREAT BODILY STRENGTH!
GREAT NERVE STRENGTH!
GREAT MENTAL STRENGTH!
GREAT DIGESTIVE STRENGTH!

Promotes Appetite.

Cures Dyspepsia, Hysteria, Nervous Complaints, General Debility.

The "CROSSTREE" Adjusting Brace (PATENT) SCIENCE APPLIED TO BRACES.



Vertical Draught of Crosstree Brace.

Diagonal Draught Ordinary and other Patent Braces.

Possesses distinct advantages over all others. It affords immense comfort to the wearer, by adapting itself readily to every movement of the body. Prevents the compression of the stomach, and allows full play to the pectoral and abdominal muscles. Invaluable to all who desire to breathe easily and freely. The Crosstree Brace improves the fit and holds the trousers in position better than any other suspender. Price from 2s. 6d. of all hosiers; wholesale of The Crosstree Co., 55 Eastcheap, E.C.